

THAT MAC FROM CITR FM 101.7

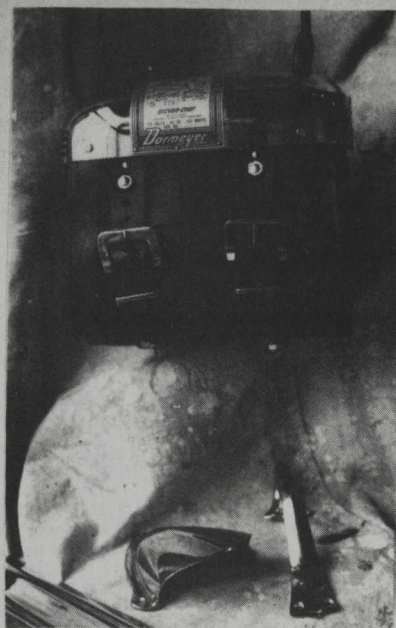
DISCORDER

THERE WAS BREAKING GLASS, AN
EXPLOSION... AND THEN...

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FREE



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PHOTO MARTIN DAHINDEN

DISCORDER

That Magazine from CTR FM 102

NOVEMBER 1988 * ISSUE #70

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This ISSUE

6 FILM FEAST

Movies! Free Flicks! Aces Man!

8 BILLY BRAGG

Just An Unassuming Guy

10 THE FAMOUS LEONARD COHEN VOICE

And It's No. 1 In Norway

12 ONE HOUR WITH A LYLES' GROUPIE

How Much Abuse Can One Interviewer Take?

14 I LIVE IN SURREY BY FORCE

Just What Are The 88 Great Things About Surrey?

Most ISSUES

4 AIRHEAD

readers who write

13 VIDEO EYE

watching out for your best entertainment interests

16 UNDER REVIEW

smiths, b.a.d., naked raygun and more

17 LOCAL MOTION

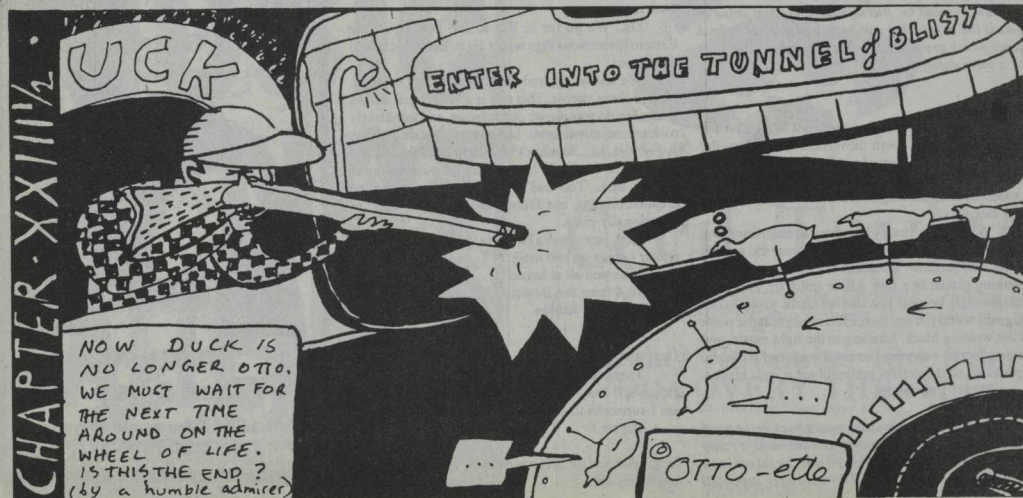
in a city near you

21 ON THE DIAL

every person's guide to citr

22 SPINLIST

the hipper sounds





Dear Airhead,

I just transferred to Vancouver from Moose Jaw (that's right - amplit Saskatchewan) and promptly grabbed the local entertainment rags - yours included - to see what kind of groups were playing. Being of the "alternative listener" sort, I feel I've been pointed in the right direction thanks to the club review in your October issue. Thanks, Janis.

On a different note, I would like to know what kind of money-mongering, capitalist, gravy-sucking pigs are running these places. Seriously, \$3.50 - \$4.00 a beer. Is there no such thing as a \$5 or less cover charge anywhere? Over the last 5 or 6 years, myself and a few friends would drive 40 miles to Regina in search of live alternative-type gigs. (Moose Jaw is a Redneck/Metal haven.) We saw the Jazz Butcher with The Gruesomes - \$10; The Doughboys with Big Drill Car - \$5; Royal Crescent Mob and Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper - \$8. And beer, well, \$1.50 before 9:30 and \$2.50 after. Can you see my point? I'm sure many students can. What's with these Butthole Surfer guys? (\$15.50). Is Eddy Van Halen joining them, or what? And what happened to The Jesus and Mary Chain on October 3? I guess I'll have to make sacrifices. Put up with slimy club owner prices or go back to the Prairies for yet another minus 40 degree winter. Tough choice.

Sincerely,

L.B. from Moose Juice

Like our CTR Vice President says, Moose Jaw is a great place to be from. And no, Eddy won't be there but Steve Vai will be. But seriously, the best value in town is the tickets that can be found at better record stores which provide entry into some pretty hot gigs for a mere dollar.

Dear Airhead,

Whatever happened to the word alternative? It used to stand for a fresh movement away from the commercial mainstream of music and attitude. It was about not having to follow herds of sheep, social awareness and not being afraid of standing up for your own thoughts.

"Alternative" today has about as much meaning and depth as music by Peter Dinklage. Every kid and his uncle has become "alternative". Most people frequenting places like Luv Affair and Cafe Zen have unknowingly become just another cliché group in our stagnant society. They never found out that the point is not wearing black, listening to the right music, and saying "screw everyone but my friends and I!" Wake up and smell the coffee, preferably if it isn't black.

Stuart Escobedo

Oh, so that's what alternative meant back in the good old days. CTR became known as Vancouver's radio alternative because that's what it was. As set out in its mandate from the CRTC, CTR was, and is, supposed

to be an alternative to the other radio stations of Vancouver. It was not alternative because it played "alternative" music; there was no such thing. But over time "alternative" became a label for the music college stations play. Usually this applied to British bands like The Smiths, The Cure, and New Order. Thus, we then had a definition of what was acceptable for a station such as CTR to play. Unfortunately, this is very restricting and very white. It would seem to defeat the purpose of an "alternative"; that is, to be an outlet for music and ideas that are not to be found on other radio stations. Sure, many college stations have reggae, rap, soul or African music shows but the tendency is to keep the main playlist records alternatively-correct, thank you very much. As applied to music, the term alternative is meaningless and extremely confining; it's a dead end. Stop using it. And remember, UZ used to be an "alternative" band. Nuff said.

Dear Airhead,

This is in response to "The Rank's" letter in the October Discorder. I had also looked forward to the opportunity of attending school here at UBC and living in residence. Like you, I come from a BC backwoods town and imagined UBC to be a haven where I would meet interesting people who had similar interests to mine, which do not include intoxicating myself to the point of imbecility. I had always associated that kind of behaviour with the small town I lived in. I did not realize that residence consists mainly of people also coming from small towns in BC and that nothing would change. To some of these people, life doesn't go beyond campus. They might as well be back in their "backward town" that The Grapes of Wrath sing about. My reason for writing this is to tell you that you are not alone in your opinion of residence life. There must be others like us. Try looking closely for people who are also not satisfied with the ordinary.

Sincerely,

P.O.W.R. (plissed off with res.)

Dear Airhead,

OK. Like here we are. The Beverly. Queen Street. Our last drop of Toronto-shit-draft.

OK. Like there we were. The concert hall. Yonge Street. 54-40. Thoroughly prepared to get down after large amounts of J.D. on ice. The lights dimmed.

OK. We go for it. But lo and behold, all the Eastern Pretentious Pigs won't dig it. Blank looks and tight asses.

We always figured 54-40 was a right to party. Not for these suaves. This city is a wasteland. All we wanted to do was drown our sorrows, and mindlessly rock to hometown tunes. Mountains, the ocean, Luv-A-Fair (ha, ha, wouldn't be caught dead there!) and good old West Coast Dudes - nothing compares to Vanny, man. Too bad we're stuck here for nine dreaded months, our faces buried in text books, or occasionally pints.

Hey, Janey, not a bad idea. No doubt Lora. Yo, waiter - score us two more.

Miss you all at home.

10-4 from the Beverly.

Lora and Janice

Dear Airhead,

Thank you so much for the September doodle art cover!! But why did you start colouring it? What am I supposed to do with my crayons?

Bryon L.

Hey, what you do in the privacy of your own home is your business.



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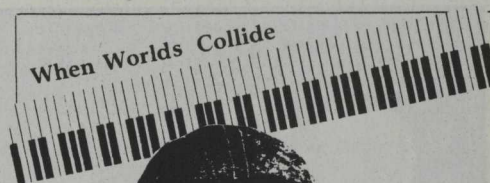
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Movies! Free Flicks! Aces Man!... oh sorry, no, it was cinema and I was allowed to attend because of my role as a member of the Media, with a sacred duty to communicate to you, the reader, my impressions of what I saw. Well, how many movies can you see if you don't have to pay? Of the 200 or so that played during the two weeks of the Vancouver International Film Festival I'd guess that you would be able to see 75% of them, the other 25% being lost to scheduling conflicts. However, this assumes you would be willing to give up a few simple little things like your job, eating, sunshine (or rain), your friends, sleeping - in fact just about everything save the bus routes between the Van East (on Commercial Drive), the Pacific Cinematheque (Howe and Helmcken), the Ridge (Arbutus at 16th), and the Hollywood (Broadway and Balaclava). I had a few other commitments so I saw a select 10% of what was available while still managing to squeeze in a few extra social events. True to my duty as Media Dude I'll share my experience.

First night out, Sunday, I caught a double bill of *The Laserman* and *Vampire's Kiss*. The first is a funny but flawed film. Writer/producer/director/co-star Peter Wang wants to make some serious points about the responsibilities scientists must take for their discoveries, but doesn't pull it off. The second film was terrific: Nicolas Cage plays a yuppie prick who thinks he's turning into a vampire. I assume it will be going into general release fairly soon, so go see it and understand why someone pointing and yelling "ALVA" is going to be all the

rage at parties this Christmas season.

The next films I saw were part of press screenings. Press screenings involve showing up at the theater in the middle of the day, having someone ply you with muffins, coffee and press kits and then going in to see a movie with four or five other people. For comedies the result can be like the sound of one hand clapping. Nonetheless, the two films I saw here, *Cannibal Tours* and *Some Girls*, were two of my favourites. *Cannibal Tours* is a rib-tickling (pun intended) documentary about groups of Europeans visiting the villages of former cannibals in the New Guinea jungle. Tourists never looked so goofy, nor natives so perplexed. My favorite piece of tourist/native interaction was a wife's remark to her husband as he attempted to get a local kid to smile for the camera: "No, don't get too close. She'll start crying. She doesn't know you're a pediatrician."

Some Girls provides a distinct contrast. Michael, a young American college student, spends Christmas in Quebec with his girlfriend and her family. The family includes two sisters, the older sister's boyfriend, their gorgeous mother, her eccentric father (a writer who works in the nude), the family priest, and Beowulf (the family mutt). To keep things interesting the filmmakers introduce the family's elderly grandmother, who thinks Michael is her long-dead husband. Oh yeah, all of the sisters have the hots for our young hero. You'll just have to trust me when I tell you all of the above is handled intelligently and with the utmost good taste and that this may be my favorite film

of the festival.

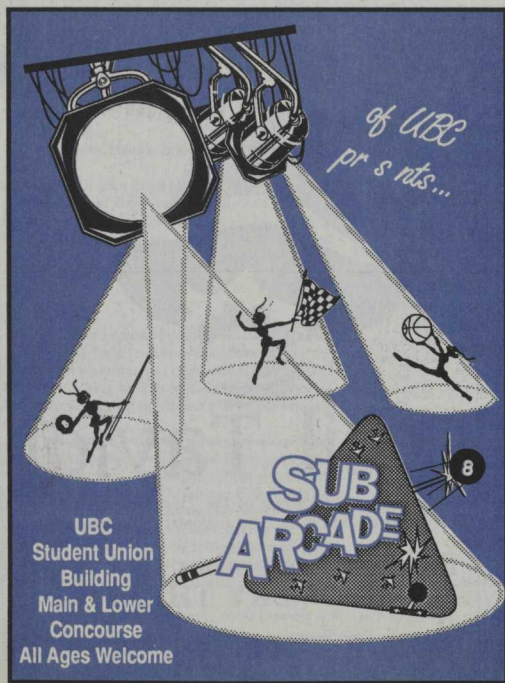
However, I was starting to get a little jaded. I wanted something a little more. I wanted three in a row. In order, the three were: *Shame*, *Comic Book Confidential*, and *Mondo New York*. The first was a modern feminist Australian version of the Alan Ladd western *Shane* (geddit?). The lone rider rolls into town and discovers that things are seriously wrong. An interesting movie with all the good roles being female - since all the men are spineless wimps (or, more commonly, Fosters-chugging, woman-chasing, he-men). However, there is one major technical flaw. In one scene a set of supporting actors is shown arriving, and in the next they are shown preparing to leave for the former scene. Don't worry if this doesn't make any sense; it didn't in the film either. A strong, uncompromising ending and sensitive, intelligent acting by Deborah-Lee Furness as the heroine, Asta, make the film far better than its B-movie premise suggests.

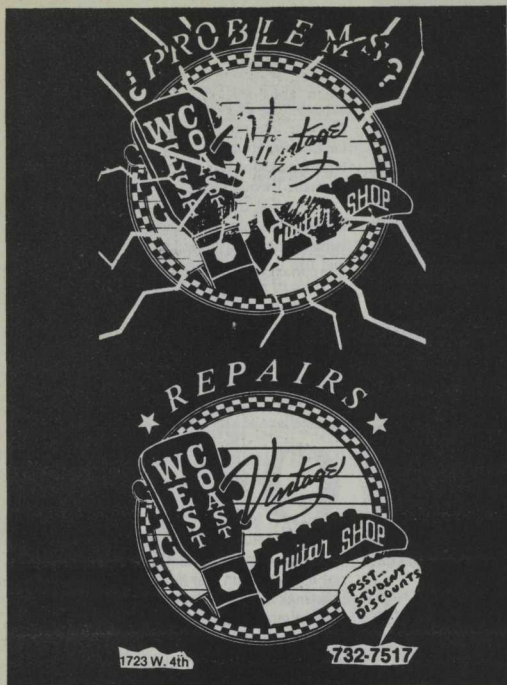
Shame was good, but I wanted more. The evening's next entertainment gave it to me. *Comic Book Confidential* is an amusing and informative look at the origins, history, present and future of North American comic books. The best bits are those that deal with the phenomenon of 50's horror-comics and the US government's successful efforts to squash them (shades of the PMRC, or what?). Also enjoyable is the section on the underground comics of the late 60's. (Best line here was by the creator of a Mickey Mouse parody who spent 13 years fighting a 1.2 million dollar lawsuit launched against him by the Disney Corporation: "If you're going down in flames, try and hit something big.") In all a very enjoyable film that is sure to show up around town for years to come. However, I still wasn't satisfied.

So off I trooped to the midnight show at the Van East - *Mondo New York*. Ever wonder what groovy, hip, "alternative" people do for entertainment in the Big Apple? Wonder no more. The film follows a nameless, mute, mid-Western lass as she roams from one form of "entertainment" to another. High and low points include: an S&M demonstration; streetcorner "doo wop" groups; a ranting preacher who bites the heads off mice and then explodes himself; late night poetry recitals; John Sex, his bodacious Ta-Ta's and his Love Muscle; and much more. I left feeling a little unsettled. Given the sheer camp value of much of the acts featured, expect this film to appear on the midnight movie circuit fairly soon.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the previous night's overindulgences, the next afternoon's film, *We Think the World of You*, featuring Alan Bates and Gary Oldman, failed to impress me strongly either way. If you can imagine a strangely dull cross between Walt Disney and Joe Orton, where the two actors are featured as sometime gay lovers drawn together by Oldman's dog, then you've got the idea.

This day's midnight special was something completely different. *The Decline and Fall of Western Civilization Part II, The Metal*





Years is terrific. Under the talented direction of Penelope Spheeris this documentary examines LA's metal scene with a sharp and intelligent eye. Featuring interviews with everyone from the Biggest of the Big (Alice, Ozzy, Lemmy, Gene and Paul), through to the up-and-coming and "never wills" (Poison, Faster Pussycat, and my personal faves for sheer lameness, Odin), all the way down to the teenage metal fans and wannabe's. Not forgotten are side trip interviews with promoters, parole officers and sleazeball club owners. Even if you have no interest in heavy metal whatsoever this film will amuse, fascinate and horrify you (a late-night poolside interview with the guitar player from WASP leaves one assuming he isn't planning to stay in this world much longer). Another of my favorite films of the festival.

A periodic problem facing someone who likes to see a lot of films is that you may be forced to choose real life over cinema once in a while, so films may not be there when you are ready to see them. I had such a problem one night. Expecting to see an Australian documentary about three women growing up, I instead saw a film about three women recounting their pasts. *Martha, Ruth, and Edie* is, in fact, three short stories drawn together by a chance meeting of the women in the title. It's all rather pleasant CBC, Canadian, Toronto filmmaking. The first two stories are okay. The first is about a young girl's first love and the second about a mousy librarian finally coming into her own with the aid of her elderly "California aunts". The last story, however, is a real gem. The

delightful housewife, with her perfect house, kids and attitude, is left by her jerk of a husband. Deciding to support herself, she gets a job teaching English in a medium-security men's prison. Nothing really extraordinary happens, but it's all quite nice.

With a choice between more films or DOA, I broke down and saw DOA. They were way loud, politically correct, had a chainsaw on stage, and it was almost their last gig with Dave Gregg. Anyway, they showed *Death Race 2000* before the opening act came on.

Now for a dream sequence. You go to a party. There are far too many people there, but there is free alcohol. You see some friends. You see Leonard Cohen. You see people tell Leonard Cohen he's their parents' favourite poet. You wonder if these people's parents know the names of any other poets besides Leonard Cohen. You wonder how Leonard Cohen feels about this "favourite poet" business. You see a napkin he signed for a female friend of yours; you read "What are you doing later?", signed, "Leonard Cohen". You hear that Leonard Cohen actually left the party in a cab by himself. You see another female friend. She tells you she's not interested right now. You drink a beer. Later on, the roadie for the Grapes of Wrath gives you a condom. You truly understand irony for the first time in your life. You wake up with a dry mouth and a headache.

If you thought that was a bit much, try sitting through *Tales from the Gimli Hospital*. It's a German surrealist silent film from the 1920's, filmed in Winnipeg in 1988. It's ex-

*....the blue moon is always full
these yellow roses never die
Children only cry rainbows
Success is just love
Wildest imagination is reality.
he said... This is my world
And you can have half.*

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tremely slow-moving, filled with images of the "plague" and bark carving into fish shapes, and has few funny jokes. I'm fairly sure the whole film is a cinematic 'in' joke. More people walked out on this film than any other that I saw. It wins my personal award for least understood film of the festival.

The last film I saw, *Amsterdam*, is a Dutch made police thriller. The plot concerns something lurking in the canals of Amsterdam and killing people. Out to solve the mystery is our hero, a way cool police detective, played by Huub Stapel. Adding to the suspense and intrigue are the detective's daughter, his partner, the new woman in his life, her psychiatrist, and someone in a black rubber suit with a very sharp knife. Well made in a none too serious manner. More than a tip of the cap to James Bond, *Dirty Harry*, et al.

In many ways this last film was indicative of what I viewed throughout the fest's length. I noticed a trend in film, and in pop culture in general, to eat up and regurgitate that which has gone before or is happening elsewhere. Aside from the Dutch police thriller there was an Australian western, a yuppie vampire and a Winnipeg filmmaker who both took their cues from 1920's German film style, and an English drama about homosexuals that felt like a piece of 1950's American family entertainment.

The Vancouver International Film Festival: more than a chance to see lots of free movies; less than an opportunity to discover the best place to sit in a movie theater.

Pat Carroll

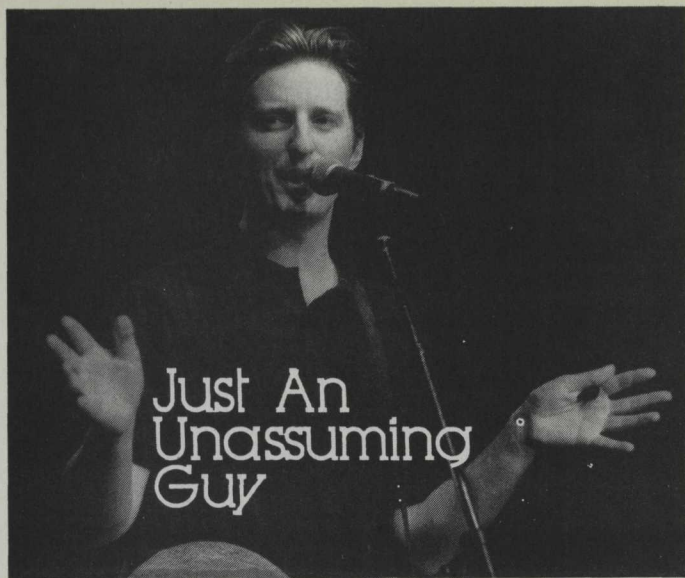


Photo: Marcel Ngan

It was with immense trepidation that I eagerly prepared for the much anticipated interview. In just a few short hours I would greet one of my rock and roll heroes, the man who taught me how to play guitar via his songbook *Back to Basics*. Yet, the thought that meeting one of your idols could be one heck of a let down would not leave my mind. The day had started badly. I was late for school and couldn't concentrate during any of my classes. Anxiety and panic riddled me all day. I lost two sets of car keys and nearly forgot the cassette to record the interview. As I was led into a dark hallway of the Commodore Ballroom I couldn't help but think how much I dreaded doing this interview. But it finally happened, I talked with the Big-nosed Bard from Barking, Billy Bragg.

While it may sound like a cliché, the first thing you notice when you meet Billy is his unassuming manner; wearing a dark blazer and jeans, sporting a goofy haircut, and talking in a witty, friendly style all combine to make him approachable for even the most insecure of interviewers. He was sitting in a cramped office cluttered with various papers and clothing, almost as if he were sitting in his own apartment. One notices his half-eaten sandwich laying on the table. The only clues that this is not his natural habitat are the various semi-nude posters and a Sun girlie calendar on the wall, which he says he would replace with pictures of his mother and a picture of him and James Brown taken in Detroit years ago. Instantly my groundless fears evaporate; this would be an enjoyable interview.

The music of Billy Bragg crosses many boundaries. Whether you call it a blend of folk, punk or rock, his music comes down to one man and his guitar in front of an audience singing about politics and relationships. "I still feel like a punk rocker underneath. But if you really want to talk about

what kind of music I'm making, the only term I feel even vaguely comfortable with is urban folk." This 'urban folk' has seen him move from doing gigs in front of fifty apathetic patrons, to touring North America with Echo and the Bunnymen, and finally, to headlining across much of the Western World and even Eastern Europe. The dominant themes of his songs are ill-fated relationships and left-wing politics. Many of his best songs deal with his painful teenage infatuations. And those days are not yet behind him. "I still feel like a seventeen year-old in love, unfortunately. That's all part of being human. I'm thirty now, and I thought that when I got to be thirty all the secrets of maturity would be revealed." The openness with which he approaches his songwriting leaves very little of his soul and experience uninvolved, preferring to think of his songs as confessionals for the darker side of his personality.

But Billy's notoriety is due to his eloquence in presenting his politics. His work with Red Wedge and the Labour Party in Britain has made him a pioneer in the movement to make British youth politically aware. Last year's *Help Save the Youth of America* tour attempted to do the same for the Americans. "We can't save them (the youth) by gigs, but at least we can challenge them and provoke them a bit. Provoking them to think." It is surprising to find him still optimistic about the future of the world while the vast majority of British youth have become disillusioned with politics and resentful of the world they know. "With someone potentially positive in the Kremlin and someone potentially positive in the White House, things will be a lot more interesting than what we've had in the last ten years."

And what about Canada, what follies do we have in store for ourselves. Free trade with the Americans gets less than favourable reviews from Billy. "Having fought for all those years to

get out of the British Empire you are joining the American Empire. And British Columbia, if you go from the left, becomes the 52nd state of America. Or more simply, they give you more money and you give them all your good hockey players." The once planned purchase of nuclear submarines from Britain doesn't fare much better, "Would you buy a used submarine from that woman? I wouldn't."

But for Billy Bragg, one cannot simply separate life into politics and relationships. The two are inevitably joined. "Life isn't all politics, and life isn't all personal relationships, it is a mixture of a lot of different things, and I try to reflect that in my writing. If you haven't loved someone outside your immediate family, with all your heart, or allowed yourself to be loved, then you can't be a socialist because socialism is about loving people. I do subscribe to that, that the emotional side to politics is as important as the intellectual side."

One gets a feeling when talking to Billy that his wit and charm, which he so readily exhibits, is just a veiled attempt to cover up the darker occurrences of his life. We all experience pain and insecurity during our lifetime. Guitar players are not exempt from this ordeal. And each of us must make a decision as to how we deal with our frustrations. Billy chooses a self-effacing manner as a means to cover up the pain. Besides his ill-fated relationships, he has gone through such deep periods of doubting his ability and self that at age twenty-three he found himself in the British Army. "I joined the British Army to escape the economic and social situation I was in. I didn't have a job and was living at home. It was a naive hope to escape. I had lost my musical confidence by the time I had joined the army. While the army didn't instill my confidence back into me, it gave me such a shock that it made me think that I was so lucky to be out of there. It was like going to prison. It made me want to play gigs again." Billy lasted three months in the army before he bought himself out and returned to a life of rock and roll.

With his new release *Worker's Playtime*, many have heralded a change in the Billy Bragg they once knew. On this album are featured Wiggy, his childhood sidekick, on bass, Tina Carvey playing the piano, and Micky Waller, a drummer formerly with Rod Stewart. All this accompaniment has changed the sound and texture of his songs. While many are upset with his new style, Billy sees it as progress. "Worker's Playtime is a progression from what I've done, I don't think it is a departure. I think we are just moving in a way so that the records don't necessarily sound like the live gigs. I think to keep making records with just guitar and vocals would be like standing still and I wouldn't want to do that." After completing his world tour, which should take almost a year, he plans to release another lp and another song book for those would-be guitarists.

After all the concern and anxiety I experienced before the interview, it was a great relief to find that he was as humble and warm as his songs are. But better still, it gave me the opportunity to see the human side to Billy Bragg.

Chris Buchanan

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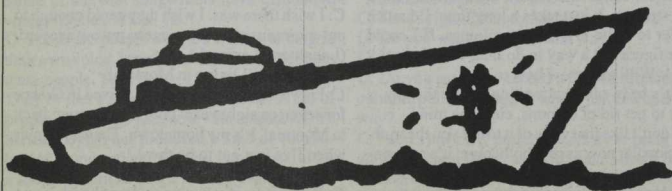
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No One Can Compare.



THE FAMOUS VOICE

Leonard Cohen. You've probably heard the name before. Possibly bought a record or two. Maybe your parents have one or both of his novels collecting dust on their bookshelf. Perhaps the only thing you know about Leonard Cohen is that he wrote the songs sung by Jennifer Warnes on her 1986 surprise hit release **Famous Blue Raincoat**.

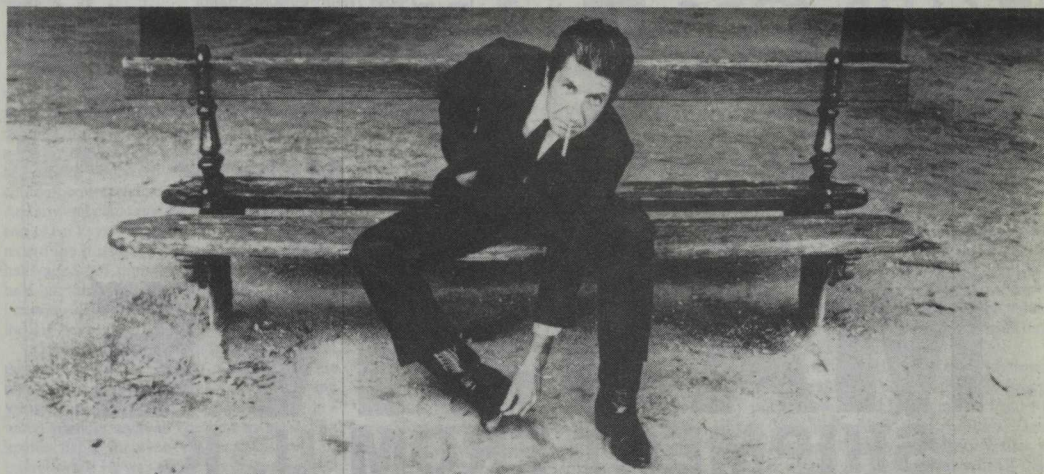
Cohen grew up in Montreal. While attending McGill University he studied literature, played C&W with the **Buckskin Boys** and published his first collection of poetry. Having managed to secure a grant, Cohen travelled through Europe, settling on the Greek island of Hydra. He stayed seven years and produced his two novels **The Favourite Game** (1963) and **Beautiful Losers** (1966).

According to Cohen, there "was an intense group of people passing through the island at that time, people who were going to make their mark on culture - Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Axel Jensen, Goran Tonstrom."

When sparse book sales no longer paid the bills, Cohen turned to music. Fifty-three year old Cohen has been at it on and off for the last 21 years, his most recent effort being the newly released **I'm Your Man LP**.

Leonard Cohen's influence is widespread. Artists as diverse as Neil Diamond, Diana Ross, Joan Baez, Nick Cave and Joe Cocker have covered his tunes. Poland has an annual Leonard Cohen festival. **The Sisters of Mercy** took their name from one of his songs. Ian McCulloch of **Echo and the Bunnymen** looks to Cohen for inspiration. I personally have been told that my singing makes Leonard Cohen sound like Frank Sinatra.

I spoke with Mr Cohen in early October while he was in town promoting his album and tour. Handsomely attired in a dark grey tailored suit, black shirt and shoes, he was witty and friendly. Rather than concentrating solely on the album, we covered a wide range of topics.



DISORDER: You were known as a novelist before you turned to songwriting. You still write lots. Do you think you'll put out another book? **COHEN:** I've always done the same work. A song here and there; a book here and there. I published first, then put out records later but I was doing music and writing at the same time. I still blacken pages. It would be nice. I haven't organised my life sufficiently to cover both those activities at the moment. It's just a matter of organisation.

D: You were quite successful in the 60's and 70's. You've said that you didn't like the loneliness and alienation of those times.

C: It's always tricky getting by. It's nice to have a girlfriend.

D: Do you have a girlfriend now?

C: I don't know. I'm trying to find out.

D: It's been three or four years since your last record. It was popular in Europe. Why the long delay between releases?

C: It seems to take a couple or three years to write the songs and record them. I don't have any strategy. It just takes a long time. I'd much prefer to write it in fifteen minutes. If I could ever figure out a way to do that, well, I would. Hank Williams knew how to do it.

D: It's been said that writing is like therapy, a way to get rid of demons, clear the mind.

C: I don't like that view of it to tell you the truth. It's popular now as psychotherapy; it's so popular to see everything as therapeutic. I think that demeans the activity somehow, calling it thera-

peutic. There's something about the thing that escapes the description as therapy. Maybe it does exorcise the demons. There is something else, some other human activity that is just not psychotherapy.

D: Is there pressure from CBS to come up with product?

C: I wish there was. I wish they cared enough to put enormous pressure on me to put out a record. (Laughter all around.)

D: You're still living in Montreal.

C: I never really left Montreal. I lived in Greece for seven or eight years but I kept coming back to Montreal. It's my hometown. There are times when I've just got to be there.

D: Are you restless?

C: Restless hardly begins to describe it!

D: In April 1961 Cuban exiles invaded the south coast of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs. You were in Cuba at the time.

C: I never know why I was in most places. I knew that something was going on down there. I was anxious to find a Spanish Civil War of my own that I could claim, so I was down in Communist Cuba. But I soon found that I was exactly what they were describing in their literary circles as a "bourgeois individualist poet". They [show]... great scorn when they use that term. I started to feel uncomfortable there for a number of reasons. I was arrested early on in the game. I was on the beach. I was wearing khaki shorts and a khaki shirt. I had an army belt on and was carrying a knife and I had a beard. I was staying at a little hotel above a Cuban Chinese restaurant and I was walking along and suddenly I was surrounded by about 16 guys with Czechoslovakian machine guns. They thought I was the first guy off the landing boats. I couldn't speak Spanish and I was dressed in this military get-up, so I got arrested. I wrote that poem - The Only Tourist in Havana Turns His Thoughts Homeward.

D: Free trade...(I got the feeling he didn't want to talk about it.)

C: I think we should annex the state of Washington. I talked to a lot of people in Seattle. They watch our television. They have a very high opinion of Canadians. I think if we're going to have a free trade deal we ought to have a few states join our confederation. We're already deeply involved with the Americans. I don't know. A lot of people feel reluctant to make that commitment. I doubt if anyone really knows what the benefits and drawbacks will be. Most of the writers I talk to seem to be deeply, violently against it in terms of our identity. If that's the only thing that's keeping our identity intact then we might as well go through with it. If the only thing that's standing between us and leaking away into the United States is whether or not we have this trade deal, then we are in much worse condition than I thought. I don't know. Don't ask me that question!

D: Your records sell well in Europe. Do you think Europeans are more attuned to your vision of the world, romance, etc.?

C: I'm more popular almost anywhere than here. I have no idea to tell you the truth. Even just saying Europeans you are embracing a lot of people who are very different. This record is popular specifically in Norway (No. 1) and Spain; very different cultures themselves. It's hard to say.

D: The famous Leonard Cohen voice really shines on the new album. It's always referred to whenever your name or songs are mentioned. Some of the best songwriters have distinctive voices - Dylan, Waits, etc.

C: Those are people who are willing to sing in their own voice. I think that's what we like about these people. They haven't learned how to sing. They're just singing with their voice. A lot of people sing like Dylan now - for instance Dire Straits. Dylan has produced a kind of vocabulary of sound and attitude that is very useful for a lot of American singers, but I prefer to hear Dylan.

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I usually don't write a song I can't sing. There are some songs like Song of Bernadette, done by Jennifer Warnes. As arranged I think that it would be too wide for my voice.

D: On the back cover of I'm Your Man it says "All these songs are for D.I."

C: That's right. Nobody knows who she is.

D: Do you want to keep it that way?

C: Yep!

D: Do you set out to record a mix of romantic, cultural, political songs or does it just end up that way?

C: I don't have any preferences. I try to bring an album to completion as best I can. I don't feel I'm at a buffet table where I can pick and choose. There's generally eight or nine songs that I can

finish.

D: One of my all-time favourite Leonard Cohen songs is Dance Me to the End of Love but I can't find it anywhere.

C: It's on Various Positions. It was released secretly. You can't find that one.

D: One song that really stands out on I'm Your Man is Tower of Song. You see the music biz as jaded yet you accept your situation in it.

C: That's the final chapter. The Tower of Song. The interim report. That's pretty well where I stand. It seems to sum it up. I like it.

Norm Van Rassel
Swirlin' Vinyl Spin

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ONE HOUR WITH A LYRES' GROUPIE

For this interview a description of the key players involved is necessary:

Jeff: lead singer of the Lyres

Mark: bass player of the Lyres

Girl: high-pitched frat house rock groupie

Why do you do all this?

Girl: Ha, ha. Tell him to fuck off.

Jeff: Umm, umm.

Girl: Get fucked asshole.

Jeff: Fuck you asshole. No, no. That's not true. It's not true.

What political statement are the Lyres making?

Girl: What are you doing, what are you doing! Like, go away.

Jeff: It's like, indulge in all your tastes. The Lyres speak for people that want to indulge themselves in their own particular tastes.

Girl: Go away, okay? Like give me a light and fuck off. You wrecked my cigarette, dear.

Jeff: It's like this. If you like jazz, then indulge yourself and listen to jazz. If you like garage rock music indulge yourself in garage music. If you like punk rock, indulge yourself in it.

Girl: Excuse me, I'm talking to you. I said you broke this cigarette. You owe me 5 bucks.

Do you ever regret your past?

Girl: Yes, every day. Now give me a light.

Like, don't you ever get tired of people coming up to you with a microphone and...

Girl: Yes. We're tired of you. Go away.

And harrasing you like a little pre-pubescent teenager?

Girl: Fuck off. Fuck off asshole. Get fucked.

Jeff: Listen pal, I'm not Frank Sinatra, but if you buy me a drink I'll say anything you want.

Girl: You wrecked my cigarette. Buy us a drink right now.

Jeff: If you buy me a beer, I won't smash your face out with my screwdriver.

Am I an idiot for being here then?

Jeff: If you buy me a beer, then you truly are an idiot.

Okay, who are you?

Jeff: A beerdrinker.

Girl: You're not listening to me. We want a white rum and coke and we want a beer, now. Then you can stand here some more.

(I buy Jeff a beer. But to my surprise and horror, after gratefully accepting this offer,

he decides to disassemble his vintage vox organ instead of uttering words of wisdom to my face. Meanwhile, I spot the bass player and immediately try to confront him on some stimulating issues.)

Who are you?

Mark: I'm Mark the bass player for the Lyres. I just recently joined the band a month and a half ago and I'm having a great time. Everything is wonderful.

How's it working with Jeff Conolly?

Mark: It's just wonderful. Everything's fine. Great tour. This was a wonderful gig. Everything's great.

What was it like backing up the Wallers when you played in Regina?

Mark: It was really weird. It was a good gig and I had a good time, but it was a really strange audience. I don't know if they were too receptive to us.

What's Jeff like?

Mark: Jeff's a good guy. He is.

Is he strong?

Mark: Sure is, man. It takes somebody a hell of a lot to do something for ten years. He's been doing music for a long time.

Does Jeff sweat pretty good?

Mark: I don't know. I sweat the most of the band members.

Are you pleased with that?

Mark: No, not really, 'cause I have to change shirts a lot.

(Jeff suddenly rears his head in the middle of the room and I approach him cautiously.)

I'm going to leave now, so I'll end with the people I started with.

Girl: Have a nice life, sweetheart.

Jeff: Have a nice life.

I wish you luck Jeff.

Jeff: I wish you luck with the women that you'll never meet.

So you're wearing a Wallers t-shirt, eh?

Jeff: I know the Wallers 'cause I've shared their women. And I wear condoms, so, like, I always have the best time. Whenever I open for the Wallers, I pass on the goodies to them.

How long have you been doing this?

Jeff: As long as it takes, man. As long as a woman is satisfied.

Girl: Eight hours tops.

Have you ever heard of KICKS magazine?

Jeff: Billy Miller and Miriam! Goddammit, they brought me up since I was a little boy. They are my parents.

Girl: You still owe me a drink.

Jeff: Hey, I want to ask you something, how come you never bought me a drink, man?

I did. I did. I did.

Jeff: You know something, you're a cheap motherfucker. Where's my drink?

Whaaa, whaaa, whaaa.

Jeff: Okay, I take it all back. You're the greatest guy I've ever known.

Really? Thanks.

Girl: So like hug and kiss and say goodbye.

What's your name?

Girl: Lisa. Fuck off.

Any final words for Vancouver?

Jeff: Fuck your brains out, motherfucker.
Girl: Get fucked.

(Jeff now begins to lick the Girl. I watch eagerly for an end to this love-making.)

Here is a quarter Jeff, because the Lyres represent a quarter of a century of rock'n'roll. Led by you, Monoman, right?

Jeff: As long as you say that, it must be true. Whatever you say must be true. You are the...
Girl: Asshole of the earth.

Thanks, I've never heard better. This is all for CTR radio.

Girl: They're going to play "fuck you" over the radio, eh?

Jeff: Okay, listen. It's time you'd get the hell out of here, okay...

Girl: Bye, sweetheart.

Jeff: We're really tired of you and your microphone. Would you get the hell out of here.

Bye.

Jeff: Bye.

Girl: Bye, go away.

by John Ruskin

VIDEO EYE

So I bought the damn machine, not really for any good reason except that I'm simply amazed that I can walk into a store (with rock band logos all over my clothes and long hair) and leave with a machine that cost more than twice the price of my first car, just by signing my name on a piece of paper. Besides, it's tax-deductible and depreciable for five years.

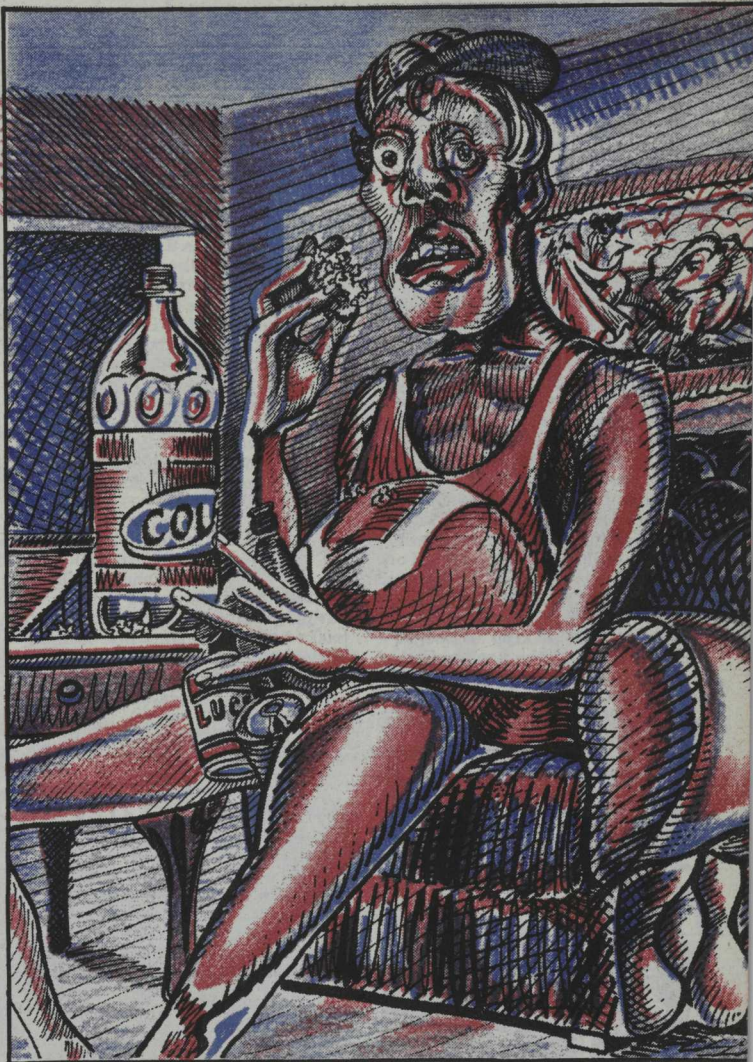
After I got the thing home, I still wasn't sure why I'd bought it. Nobody needs a video machine, but it seemed important that I could timeshift **ALF** and **WKRP in Cincinnati** to watch at my convenience, fast-forwarding through commercials with the flick of a thumb. I may even be getting younger now that I can watch a 30-minute show in 22 minutes. I tape everything, but hardly end up watching any of it.

Then I had the bright idea that, with the frequency response and low signal-to-noise ratio in the soul of my new machine, I would tape music from CD to videotape, thus reducing the sheer bulk of my music collection. That took a week, cramped up my hand writing labels, and cost me about 70 bucks in Super Chroma High Grade videotapes, one of at least ten different VHS tape types now available in this Stereo Hi-Fi era of VCR's. Now I have four music formats to choose from, five if you count the little pile of eight-tracks I never had the heart to discard and now use to level an uneven table. I also have over 18 hours of rock videos on tape, but I won't likely watch them until MuchMusic's satellite falls from the sky.

So, I decided I'd rent movies. First I went to my local **7-Eleven**, which offers 150 movies, almost six of them worth seeing (**Predator**, **Aliens**, **Raising Arizona**, **Roxanne**, **Tin Men**). With them out of the way, along with several others that escape my mind at the moment due to their utter banality, I decided I had to scout further afield.

There is no shortage of video rental stores, but most offer the same high-turnover selection of movies, primarily recent releases. The chain of **24 HR. Video** stores are better than most, as are some isolated large shops that opened early in the video boom and kept growing (like North Delta's **Scott-72 Video**), but for real selection the best place I know of is **Videomatica** on West Fourth. (If you know of any other specialty shops, especially in the outlying areas, drop me a line.)

With my discovery of a specialty shop, my horizons broadened. In fact,



my butt is broadening too, because I can never rent just one movie. It's always three or four in a binge. I am developing a cathode tan. Fortunately I am self-employed and haven't had to phone the boss to say that I'll be late for work because I've over-rented.

Beginning next month, I'll guide you to all sorts of rentworthy videos. Everything from cult films (like **The Night of the Living Dead** trilogy); old classics (like a pair of XXX gems from the silent

film days); weird, unpleasant stuff that requires true warped endurance (like the Ernest P. Worrel Film Festival); all the way up to any crappy regular movies that I might have missed during their theatrical release (almost everything this year except the nostalgic **Bright Lights**, **Big City** and the stunning documentary **Letters Home from Vietnam**). I'll be watching out for your best entertainment interests. Trust me.

Dave Watson

I LIVE IN SURREY BY FORCE

'88

Great Things About Surrey was the name of the contest. I had all

but forgotten about having entered it until I chanced upon a photo in the community newspaper, **The Leader**. It pictured a fat, beaming woman locked in a congratulatory handshake with a business-suited man. The caption identified the lady and her fat, peevish-looking son as the happy winners of the draw. They were being presented with a 2500 dollar cheque from the Surrey Chamber of Commerce. Had I any idea the stakes were so high. I would actually have tried to come up with 88 Great Things About Surrey. Or at least stuffed the entry box. In typically well-thought-out Surrey fashion, not only did the entry forms have only 20 blanks to fill in, but the quantity and quality of one's Great Things had no bearing whatsoever on one's chances of winning. It was a DRAW. Pure dumb luck.

Given my ill fortune you may be wondering at my intestinal fortitude for even venturing to come up with a single Great Thing about the suburb in question. Well hey, we have it good out here. For one, you can still walk around in Surrey with Skinny Puppy hair and freak people out. Time-warped city. In Surrey people still keep combs at a visible position in the back pocket of their jeans. No matter that the jeans are acid-wash; some things never change.

(The trendier among us make sure to keep the combs hidden in our pockets at least.)

And the notion (perpetuated by Surrey denizens **No Fun**) that 'Surrey has no skid row' - Hah! Why, Surrey can compete with the East Side any day. Ever feel like your brain has started to erode? Then you've been to . . . MAY-FAIR GARDENS!!! A last bastion of scummy peeling 70's green wood-siding occupied entirely by Welfare victims. It was also the site of a triple murder when I was 8 years old and my parents managed the complex. Or what about moving down the hillside past 99 Truck Parts, home of the world's highest freestanding structure of rusted hot-water tanks? What about the heart of beautiful downtown Bridgeview? Or hey, Whalley Bus Exchange, the quintessential skid row . . . rows of skids everywhere you turn. Let's face it. Surrey is rife with slums. Sadly, however, they are giving way to pastel pink California-style retirement estates.

wark against the cold sterile shoulder of the 80's: THE DELL SHOPPING CENTRE. Unrepentantly orange, this long, low-slung beauty of a classic 60's mall boasts Value Village, Buy-Low Foods, Fanny's Fabrics, and Black Velvet Travel. A veritable smorgasbord of down-to-earth shopping. What more could one want. Check it out at King George Highway and 105th Avenue.

Okay, so the Surrey Public Market had to change its name to plain old 'Surrey Market' because hooligans kept stealing the 'L'. So the galloping, red-neon racehorse, once a mute but comforting welcome to Surrey, no longer oscillates outside the Turf Hotel. So the insidious virus of post-Modernist shopping malls has penetrated even into the wilds of Newton. So what? We can still cling fiercely to our pride in the highest per capita possession of Pit Bulls in Canada; in a hospital whose ECU employees mistakenly give industrial-strength disinfectant to their elderly charges instead of Kool-Aid; in those combs in our back pockets, dammit.

By the way, the Great Thing About Surrey postulated by the woman who won the draw was (wait for it) - 'All the friendly people.' I'll keep that in mind the next time I'm getting my head kicked in at Whalley Exchange.

Viola J. Funk

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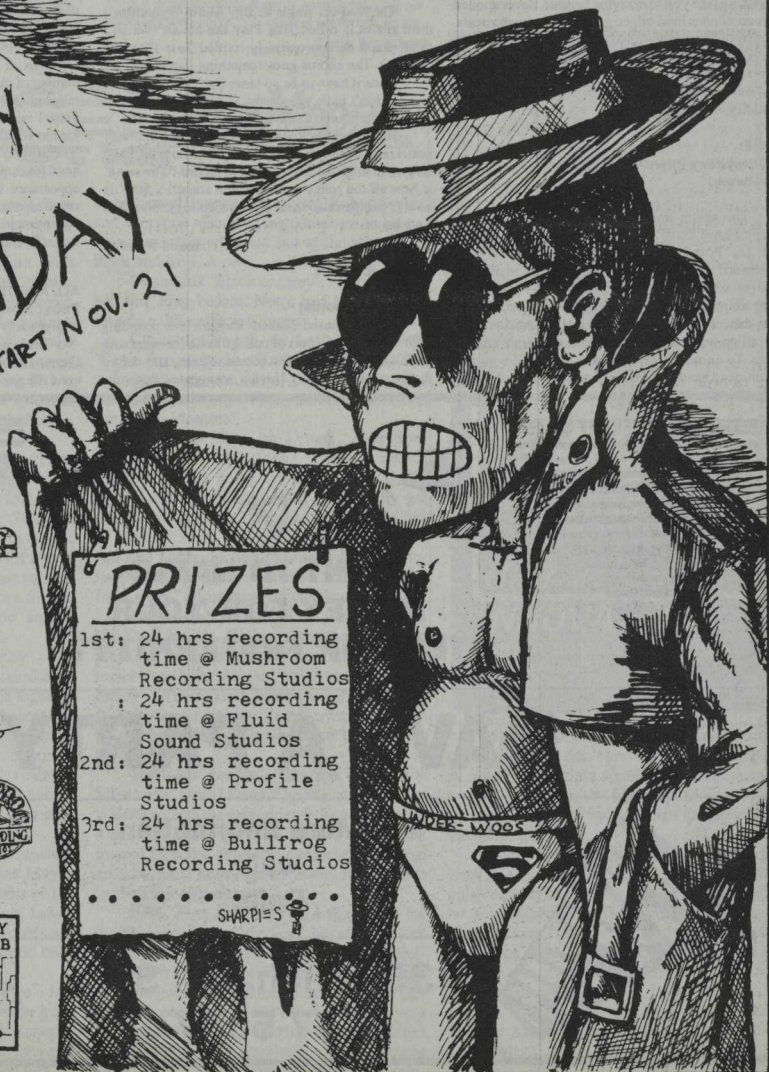
AT THE



PRIZES

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time @ Mushroom
Recording Studios
: 24 hrs recording
time @ Fluid
Sound Studios
2nd: 24 hrs recording
time @ Profile
Studios
3rd: 24 hrs recording
time @ Bullfrog
Recording Studios

SHARPIES



UNDER

REVIEW

HOUSE OF LOVE The House of Love (Polygram)

"Another British band" you say in a bored tone, and carry on to the next review. But wait! This London-based foursome do something exquisite to your body. Songs like *Salome*, *Man to Child*, and *Christine* take you to dizzying heights, never spoiled by monotonous hard-edged guitar or dead-pan vocals. *Christine* gets the album off to an incredible start. Its smoothly flowing sounds send shock waves through your soul. By the last song you feel drained emotionally and spiritually, and elated. If this arouses your curiosity, buy this album.

Jen Read

CORE: A Conspiracy International Project (Nettwerk)

This album was produced by Chris Carter and Cossey Fanni Tutti along with Coil, John Duncan and Joe Potts, Monte Cazazza, Robert Wyatt, Lustmord, and Boyd Rice. The artists mailed or brought sounds to Chris and Cossey who assembled and manipulated the pieces. With the exception of the near danceable *Future Shock* and *Unmasked*, the prevailing component of the tracks is high quality noise. To quote the words on the cover, "We highly recommend headphones. Alternatively listen through

speakers at loud volume. Give priority to aural senses." My recommendation? Headphones and an auto-reverse cassette deck.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Tighten up the Volume 88 (CBS)

The lead-off single to Big Audio Dynamite's third album is called *Just Play the Music* (which I think could be appropriately retitled *Just Play the Muzak*). The chorus goes something like this:

Does it have to be so tame
It don't have to look the same
It don't have to all sound lame

B.A.D. seems to have all the qualities that they criticize in this song. 'Tame' describes how the band refuses to improve from record to record. 'Lame' is how all the songs on this album sound. 'Shame' it isn't better.

Jason Romilly

NAKED RAYGUN Jettison (Caroline Records)

Chicago-based Naked Raygun are pounding their way into the souls of college radio listeners with *Jettison*, the band's most recent release, and one of the best of the year. Having swaggered onto the

alternative music scene a few years back with the promise of world domination, *Naked Raygun* have carved themselves a cosy niche between machine gun style hardcore and a less threatening power pop form. Aggressive and at times anxious guitar and vocals highlight a gritty package that includes a live cover of *Stiff Little Fingers'* *Suspect Device*, as well as great Raygun originals *Ghetto Mechanic* and *When the Walls Come Down*.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Gargoyle #34 (Paycock Press)

Gargoyle #34 is the latest in a series of spoken word cassettes put out by Gargoyle Magazine. It is proof once more that poetry is often better heard than read, especially when the artists themselves recite, facilitating clearer insight into their work through the passion and emotion in their voices. As with previous Gargoyle collections, the poems are controversial, thought-provoking, and humorous. Unrestricted by commercial interests or otherwise, poets expose a number of modern society's "sacred cows" including religion (*Silvana Straw - Love You Like I Love Jesus*) and the plastic, preppy existence of many former sixties activists (*Reuben Jackson - Big Chill Variations*). *Richard Flynn's* reflections on childhood (excerpt from *The Age of Reason*) and a special appearance by *Descendents'* guitarist *Stephen Egerton* also stand out. Overall, an exciting and creative adventure in spoken word. *Gargoyle #34* is essential listening for poets and those who wish they were.

Rob Lorenz

ALL ABOUT EVE Debut album (Polygram)

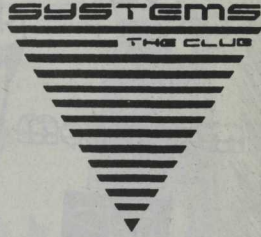
Hammersmith Odeon. London. March 88. Despite a sore throat and other ailments, singer Julianne Regan battles on valiantly, centre stage. All



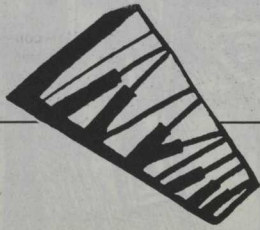
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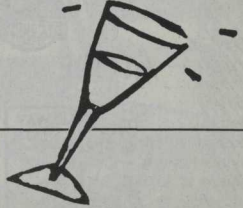
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About Eve, a compact, unimposing group, is a projection of Julianne's character - strong and silent. Her voice, incredibly clear and sweet, invites comparison to Kate Bush in the acoustic song *Martha's Harbour*. The singles *Every Angel*, *Wild Hearted Women*, *Flowers in our Hair*, and *Martha's Harbour* did moderately well in the British Top 40. One criticism is the obvious hippie sound of the titles, such as *Gypsy Dance* and *Flowers in our Hair*. The album's Celtic flavour evokes visions of the moors, blustery winds and creates a feeling of freedom. The album is excellent and deserves recognition.

Jen Read

TANGERINE DREAM
Optical Race
(Private/BMG)

The question confronting the buyer of any new synth-oriented album is whether or not the music is actually saying anything, or just percolating along in

the well-known (and equally well-despised) tradition of New Age Muzak. *Optical Race* manages to avoid the blandness that characterizes the worst of New Age by combining *Tangerine Dream*'s characteristic 'big synth' sound with that of a number of other instruments. The most striking of these experiments, *Atlas Eyes*, begins with a trumpet solo that runs on seemingly endlessly, while synthesizers pulse in the background. My favourite track, *Mothers of Rain*, features a high, clear whistle that fades in and out behind a backdrop of drums and deep synths. The album's weakest point is that some songs drag on too long. Tracks like *Marakesh* and *Twin Soul Tribe* are monotonous and unlikely to attract the interest of anyone other than die-hard Philip Glass fans. And the title track itself? Sounds suspiciously like a 1987 Genesis dance instrumental *Do The Neurotic*.

All in all, *Optical Race* is an enjoyable, if not particularly innovative, collection of synth rock. Enjoy.

Chris Brayshaw

THE SMITHS
Rank

(Rough Trade/Sire)

I'm sure Rank brings back brilliant memories if you were fortunate enough to see *The Smiths* live. But if you didn't see the concert and you don't already like the Smiths, then this LP isn't for you. It's a collection of good songs with Morrissey's wonderful voice - a history of *The Smiths* up to *Strangeways, Here We Come*.

The inside picture of a group of fans blindly grasping a piece of clothing mocks the delinquents who clamour brainlessly at concerts.

Overall, a solid Morrissey/Smiths effort and nice way to say "bye". If you're craving more, rumour has it that *Viva Hate*, Morrissey's solo effort, is exquisite.

Jen Read

LOCAL Motion

Well, what exciting news is there this month? You've probably already seen the *Sons of Freedom* record (complete with warning sticker) in the stores; then there's *Shindig*, *Hallowe'en* stuff, the usual rainy season things. But two things have surprised me. First, *The Hip Type* will be taking a few months hiatus while Tracy is out of town. Second, (gasp) Dave Gregg's played his last gig with DOA. (Looking on the bright side, maybe we'll be able to see more of the incredible Groovaholics.)

Now for a deluge of demos:

It Lives is hardly a demo tape, but actually a compilation of local rockabilly bands (of the 80's) buyable in stores. It includes folks like *Herald Nix*, *The Nervous Fellas*, *Stinging Hornets*, *Rocky Craig*, *The Rocking Fools*, and *The Yodells*. But *The Dots*, with Eeny-Meeny Miney Moe, may have the best song of the lot. Gorgeous vocals (I think from a former *Crimpoline*) and a really authentic sound. Groovy.

Video Bar-B-Que 'Epistrophy' and *Against The Grain* 'Slow Burn'. Dissimilar as they are, I'm lumping these two tapes together because (since they're more inspired by jazz and R&R) I find them both hard to pigeon-hole. VBBQ uses lots of guitar/horn/piano/drums all at once: frenetic and exhausting. ATG is calmer, far from simplistic, but not "difficult" music. Tight competent musicianship and nice female vocals.

Daylight 'The Watcher'. An unfortunately pompous package from these Calgarians. Maybe what ruined the tape for me was the quote on the cover: 'Joy comes to those in waiting. Loves (sic) last gift is remembering.' The vocals are very Robert Smith-like and there are odd bell-like sounds throughout.

Speed of Life 'The Life We Live'. My favourite thing about this song (by some guys from my home-town, North Van) is its nice cold ending. Beyond that, my feeling is that the band is trying too hard - the singer sounds like an

impassioned Bono or (once again) Robert Smith, and everyone else is trying somehow to sound very musically educated but at the same time Rock and Roll. A pity.

Baghdads 'Black or Grey'. I know we've had this song before. Not a bad tune but still sounds a little affected to me.

Captain Crunch & Let's Do Lunch 'Cap'n Groovy and his Bubblegum Army'. The main lyrics here are "Join! Cap'n Groovy and his bubblegum army." Pretty mindless, yet kinda fun. From Montreal.

EJ Brule 'War on Drugs'. Also from Montreal, but a lot different. This guy sounds like Bill Reiter doing rap stuff (all with his mouth and a digital delay). I don't really get what he's saying but I'm sure it's along the lines of Mojo Nixon's "I Ain't Going to Pee in No Jar". EJ's introduction is funnier but unfortunately it's specifically labeled "definitely not for airplay." More comedy than music.

Elevation 'Cloud Shadow'. Another Hiroshi Yano project. (He's written the music and plays all the instruments.) The music is very mellow and quite pleasant while the vocals seem dreary and unmusical in comparison. The lyrics feel clumsy or maybe it's my own hangup on good grammar. 'Speak what must be spoke' is the big refrain.

Instincts 'Escape'. This was recorded at Mushroom with Dave Ogilvie engineering, which explains the very nice production. There's a quite attractive hypnotic kind of sound here, marred by some obtrusive cymbal-tapping and an occasional heavy guitar that didn't seem to fit. Tiny minor problems.

BPA 'First Accused'. BPA may stand for the "Benzedrine Puff Adders", but who knows? Basically, this is recordings of (I assume) Nelson and Winnie Mandela accompanied by the acoustic guitar and drums, of the studio and far-from-serious version (sort of) of a band playing in Shindig this fall, *Picasso Set*. Quite fun, if not very exciting. Not quite what the band claims in its letter: 'Politically Correct Ersatz Afro-Pop'.



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Bets by M. Dahinden

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Mary 'Friends'. I listened to this a bunch of times but still don't know how to describe it. A weird sort of time signature and interesting sound. At Shindig, the band looked promising (although plagued by technical problems) if inexperienced.

Silent Gathering 'The Homecoming'. Now this is a band with a definite sound. My only complaint is that maybe the guitars should be a little higher in the mix. I saw them at Shindig, too. They are one of those bands you know won't win, but are probably likely to go on to some sort of success. Solid.

Next month, turn to *Local Motion* for reviews of big stars like Bruce A and the *Secular Atavists*, *The Intoxicators*, and *The Scramblers*.

Janis



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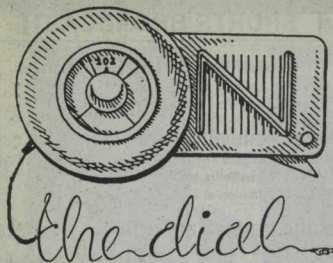
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PROGRAM SAMPLES

MONDAYS

ALIEN WATCHDOG 1:30-3:00pm

Space cadets I'm not sure who will be spinning discs this month but I do know that I'll be educating juvenile earthlings. The indoctrination begins. Stay tuned & see you in December.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-5:00pm

Get down with Dale! Krazy, cassettes and dazzling demos with The Saw.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9-12:30am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

Nov 7: One of the albums of the year called "Something to Live For". The music of Billy Strayhorn as played by one of the masters of the flugelhorn, Art Farmer and his Quintet. The universal melodies of Mr. Strayhorn as interpreted by modern jazz players. Nov 14: Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers at the Cafe Bohemia is a true classic of modern jazz. Recorded in 1955 it represents the beginning of the Blakey style that is carried on today. We'll hear some cuts from Volumes 1 and 2 but more importantly some rare tracks from Volume 3 (issued only in Japan).

Nov 21: One of Charles Mingus' foremost compositions is "The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady". Vancouver's Hugh Fraser has tackled this work in recent times and last summer the work was played by an all-star band (made up of Mingus alumnae) at the Newport Jazz Fest. We'll hear the real thing tonight. Nov 28: One of Lee Morgan's classics was an album on Blue Note called "Combread". Lee Morgan practically defined the "Blue Note Sound". Hear the great trumpet player in the company of the late Hank Mobley (tenor sax) and Jackie McLean (alto sax) on one of his best offerings.

ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY

12:30-4:00am

Nov 7: TuxedoMoon's "Desire"
Nov 14: Ljsten, but keep your fucken paws off Keith and Sandi's private 7-inch collection.
Nov 21: Laurie Anderson's "U.S.A. Live"
Nov 28: SST Bands - Part One

TUESDAYS

LINUS LOVELACE KINDER KREEAYSHUNS 7:30-10:00am

...WADOYAMEAN, "KIDSSHOW"?...Okay, like it's kinda weird, sorta dumb, and I can guarantee you that your mum won't like it, heck, my mum can't stand it...so tune in and leave your door open! hehhehheh...

WEDNESDAYS

WAY TOO EARLY 7:30-10:00am

Rise n' shine. Let Kathryn slap you (and herself) into consciousness. Crank it up, move around, stop yawning.

BATTERSEA PARK GARDENS 10-1:00pm

There is a thin line between the hypnotic and the irritating. Is the line drawn at duration, volume or something quite undefinable that relates only to the individual. Tune in and test for yourself. Vinyl Daze: Matt "Youaregettingsleepy" Richards.

THE SPINSTERS 1:15-5:00pm

Paula and Denise, the two girls most likely to use you. (Being used never felt so good!)

B.C. FOLK 5:30-6:00pm

Listen to the thoughts and music of folksingers, musicians, writers, promoters from B.C. Explore West Coast life through B.C. folk music in the search for that Canadian identity. Hosted by Barb Waldern.

THE KNIGHT AFTER midnite-very late

Waiting for the dawn with one foot in hell - Rockin Patrick and consorts do live maintenance drinking and give you film reviews, baking tips, drug induced insights and hints on how to drive a large American car at high speed with a ballerina by your side without spilling your drinks. MARLIN PERKINS MUSICAL HOUR brings more tunes from the twilight: Zendik Farm, Clones in Pink, Smersh, Gary Winda and music from the Tar Pits.

THURSDAYS

MIKE & GAV SHOW 2-4:30pm

All the raging HARDCORE you can handle, designed to be listened to by 14 year old skaters with zits. We dig young girls and Chris is a permanent guest.

MOVING IMAGES 4:30-5:00pm

A weekly look at the world of film with host Ken MacIntyre.
Nov 3: Preview of the new U2 film, Rattle & Hum
Nov 10: Grandee Englehart concludes his interview with actor/director Paul Bartel
Nov 17: Hollywood North - who's in town filming what, where?
Nov 24: Filmsoc - just who do we think they are?

LIVE FROM THE HANEY HOT HOUSE

9-midnite
Brought to you by Ed, Peter, and John. Live bands, interviews, & the latest and greatest CanCon. Check out the Shindig contestants.
Nov 3: Surf Hippies
Nov 10: Noise Special - featuring people from The New Heads, Carbon 14, 49, and Noise
Nov 17: Tippy-A-GoGo's prize
Nov 24: Paula the Sex Goddess

FRIDAYS

EMMA PEEL FAN CLUB 10-1:00pm

Join host Pat Carroll as he spins the discs Emma wants to hear. Radio to drive in black leather, look good, and save the world by.

THE NEW EXPO '66 1:20-2:30pm

Live from the World's Music Fair
Nov 4: The Wanker Pavilion
Nov 11: The Remembrance Day Pavilion
Nov 18: The Pavilion of Mojo - Tune in and find out

why this man has been called a threat to the state of civilization as we know it. And to hear the anguished screams of Jon Bon Jovi as the ghost of Elvis Presley comes back to shove Jon's guitar into unmentionable areas of Jon's body. Elvis is everywhere!
Nov 25: The Pavilion of the Fat East

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS 2:30-3:00pm

Get up early. Eat your oats. Get your paper. Go and vote. We hate you—Citizen Freak!!
Nov 11: 3pm today marks the end of a 19 hour Narduar marathon, which will have started at 8 o'clock yesterday. Hopefully.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00-noon

Vancouver's biggest and best folk/roots radio show, featuring a mix of celtic, acoustic and roots sounds, together with a unique airing of the latest UK soccer results at 11:30. Tune in for ticket giveaways, concert news, surprise guests, featured artists, interviews, new releases and unsubstantiated gossip.

NEOPHILE 3-5:00pm

The newest tunes being spun by 2 men named Chris. Chris is into gloomy stuff, but Chris likes rock n' roll. Hear them tear off the wrappers.

DEADLY DOOM OF DARKNESS 5-6:00pm

Delve into a nightmarish pit of despair and remorse with your host Dudley Do-Dread. Dark and Dancy music.

GENERIC FRIEND midnite-runsie

PoC/M early 20's, chubby, bespectacled, naive idealist seeking like companion on a perhaps futile trek to delve through the depths of humanity to find that Nirvana that must exist somewhere.
Dec 24: Special Christmas Eve Special
Dec 31: Special New Year's Eve Special

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 8:00-noon

THAT'S NOT MUSIC! YES IT IS! No it isn't yes it is no it isn't yes it is no it isn't music yes it isn't not music no it yes it is no it not music yes it no it...DON'T BE AFRAID.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:30-9:00pm

Nov 6: SMOKE SIGNALS: "The Squamish Five" and "Direct Action": who were they, what did they stand for, and why the CBC is trying to make fools out of them. Indigenous news: updates on federal post-secondary education policy; Lubicon Lake.
Nov 13: JUST LIKE WOMEN: Military spouses: what do the Canadian Armed Forces have against Tupperware Parties?
Nov 20: SMOKE SIGNALS: To vote or not to vote. "A change of rulers is the joy of fools," or the difference between democracy and oligarchy. Indigenous news: updates on Squamish Bouillon case; Gitksan Wet'suwet'en title action; Nishga nation treaty news.
Nov 27: JUST LIKE WOMEN: Post-election blues, reds, or greens. Does it really matter which boy is on top? Music as partisan as possible.

PLAYLOUD/THIS IS NOT A TEST 9-midnite

"Every moment, in feeling or in thought, prepares in the dark by its own increasing clarity and confidence its own executioner."
(Per Amica Silentia Lunae)
William Butler Yeats
Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

SPORTS BROADCASTS

THUNDERBIRD FOOTBALL - Saturdays

Oct 29: Calgary at UBC, 1:00pm
Nov 5: Western Final (if UBC pl

Nov 2: UBC's new find in Alzheimer's disease
Nov 9: UNICEF youth spokesperson, Linn Ullman on her travels to developing countries
Nov 16: The future of women in the health care sector
Nov 23: Pauline Jewett discusses NDP defense policy
Nov 30: "Building tomorrow: The next 10 years."
The Agricultural Credit Conference

THUNDERBIRD HOCKEY - Fridays

Nov 3: The Japan Study Tour 1988
Nov 10: A UBC prof proposes a new billing system for doctors
Nov 17: Do you resent listening to elevator music? An interview with an anti-noise pollution advocate
Nov 24: Business and technical writers: Creativity and management

THUNDERBIRD BASKETBALL - WOMEN'S

Nov 9: UBC at SFU, 7:00pm

THUNDERBIRD BASKETBALL - MEN'S

Nov 18-19: Victoria at UBC, 7:30pm

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' BASKETBALL

Dec 3: UBC Invitational Final, 4:00pm

Argentina's Teatro Del Sur in

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The Philadelphia Inquirer

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November 8-12, 8:30 pm

The Earth Players Theatre Company production of

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ARTIST	TITLE
SONS OF FREEDOM "SONNY SHUPPY"	SONS OF FREEDOM YVSVECTI
"COLLENE MEYER"	PREHEND I'M YOUR FATHER
AUDIE DONOHUE	DOUBT COMES ALIVE
MICHELLE PSYCHIC	SHORT & SHARP-SHOCKED
I VULGAR	EX CATHEDRA
SPY DIVISION	SUBSTANCE
BORGESIA	ESCORTS AND MODELS
THE DROLL CASE	DISC OF THE CAR
IGGY POP	LOVELY
THE PAKISTANIS	INSTINCTS
THE PROCLAIMERS	SUNSHINE ON LEITH
ITSA SITA	ITSA SITA
THE FARMERS	PIG FARM
BILLI BRAGG	WORKER'S PLAYTIME
THE TROUBADOURS	STICKLE BUSINESS
VARIOUS	FAST IN RAILROADS
THIS WAS NOT (WAS)	SPY IN THE HOUSE OF LOVE
"THE SHUFFLE DEMONS"	I'M A BOP
JACK BRODWIN	BOP BOP
COLDLICK	I'M REAL
"SPIRIT OF THE WEST"	THIS SO CRAZY THING
LET'S BE BOLD	LABOUR DAY
DEMANDJENSEN	EVERY GOOD MAN HAS HIS DAY
THE DANCE OF THE DEAD	HERE'S TO YOU!
THE DANCE OF THE DEAD	THE ROAD OF THE DARK
CURRENT SURVIVORS WITH WOUND	FAITH'S FAVORITE
SEVERED HEADS	GREATER REMOVED
PUBLIC ENEMY	DON'T BELIEVE THE MYTH
ERIC B. KEMP	FOLLOW THE LEADER

DEMOS	
"AGAINST THE GRAIN"	SLOW BURN
"CAPTAIN CRUNCH..."	CAPTAIN GROOVY...
"THE DOGS"	LENN MATHY-KINNEY MOE
"THE TYPE"	HELL CRAWLS WHEN HE'S DEAD
"VIDEO BARBARQUE"	ENTROPISTHY
"MADONNA CHALLENGE"	A WALK DOWN
"HERALD NIX & THE WAYS OF SEX"	WILD WILD WOMAN
"NERVOUS FELIAS"	FRENDS
"RHYTHM MASSION"	NIGHTCRAWLERS
"COMBINATION ELOQUITE"	KING BLOOD
"WALIN"	SEX OF THE GODS

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